

Non-reddie Tumblr Prompts

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Non-reddie Tumblr Prompts by mseg_21

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Summary:

Collection of non-reddie tumblr prompts. Pairing will appear at the beginning of each prompt. [jem-castairs-is-perfection](#)

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

Pairing: Stanlon

Prompt:

"Nothing is going to happen to you."

I can't go into that house.

Stan is shaking. Badly. And it's not just his hands that are shaking but his entire body. He figures he can blame it on the cold. Neibolt street always felt colder than the rest of Derry to him. But he knows that's not what's making him shake. It's fear. A fear he hadn't felt in twenty seven years. A fear he didn't even remember feeling until Mike called him two days ago.

Two days? To Stan it feels like more.

They're standing outside Neibolt house, all seven of them. Bill's staring down at them from his place in the creaky front steps. He's Big Bill again, towering over the rest of the losers and telling them that it's time to finish what they started when they were kids. No one questions him. They never could.

I can't go into that house Mike, I can't.

Beverly is standing up front, she was always the bravest out of all of them. She never tried to hide or to run away. Stan remembers she was willing to go into that house the first time while the rest of them were looking for an excuse to stay outside. Stan was the one who suggested someone should stay outside in the first place. He figures he could do it again but he knows what the answer will be.

"Stan we all have to go. If we split up, the clown will kill us all. One by one. But if we stick together. We'll win."

I can't Mike.

And they did win. Or at least that's what they thought. They wouldn't be here if they really had.

Ben is standing right behind Beverly. Always close to her. Stan sees him raise his hand and put it on Bev's shoulder and he sees Bev relax into the touch and place her hand over his. Ben was always willing to follow Bev everywhere and that hasn't changed. If she goes in — *when* she goes in — Ben will be right there with her.

I can't go into that house.

Richie and Eddie are standing right next to each other. Stan can see the tension in Richie's shoulders, can see the way he subtly shifts his weight from one foot to the other, fighting off the impulse to run. He recognizes it because he feels the same way. But Richie won't run, not as long as they're all here. Not as long as Eddie's here. Still, Stan knows that the memory of Eddie's broken arm, the memory of the clown closing in on both of them, the memory of having to drag Eddie outside in a hurry, the memory of Eddie *almost* dying is right at the front of Richie's mind and Stan's sure that he wishes he could just pick Eddie up and drag him far far away.

And Eddie might let him. Right now he's breathing so fast that Stan wouldn't be surprised if he pulled out his inhaler at any moment and took a hit just to try and slow down his breathing. But Eddie doesn't. Instead he inches closer to Richie and Stan only notices because he's watching them closely. So closely that he can see Eddie's hand seek for Richie's in the dark. He finds it and Richie intertwines their fingers together, both of them relaxing the tiniest bit at the touch.

I can't go into that house Mike.

Stan wishes he could hold someone's hand, knowing it would give him if only a slight relief. Maybe it would keep his own hands from shaking so much. Not that anyone has noticed. He's standing far in the back, close to the old squeaky fence. Watching everyone while no one watches him. Or at least that's what he thinks.

I can't.

Mike stands behind him. Stan knows because he can feel him. He can hear his breath, steady and calm. He can't see him but he knows for a fact that unlike him he's not shaking. And he knows that he can tell that Stan is.

Mike always did. He always knew how Stan was feeling even before he figured it out himself. And he always offered a helping hand or a comforting hug or a friendly word.

Stan needs that right now. He needs it more than ever.

I can't Mike .

Slowly, Stan takes a step back. Then another. And another until he feels his back hit something solid. Mike's chest. If Mike didn't know he was shaking before he definitely does now.

He takes a small step forward, bringing his chest and Stan's back closer together. Stan relaxes into it, into him, feeling slightly less terrified. Mike shifts and then Stan feels his arm wrap around his shoulder hesitant at first but more firmly once he's sure Stan won't pull back.

It's the first time they touch since seeing each other again. Stan arrived late at the Jade of the Orient and by then they were all sitting around the table. Stan sat down before they could stand up, not feeling ready for a group hug just yet.

He would take that group hug now. He feels like he could really use it.

But Mike's touch is enough and it makes Stan realize just how bigger than him Mike is now. He towers over Stan and with his arm around his shoulder Stan feels small. And he feels protected. Safe. But he knows that as soon as they go into that house, as soon as they go down that well he won't feel that way.

"I can't go into that house Mike." Stan whispers so that only Mike can hear him. He remembers saying those exact same words nearly three decades ago. Mike's arm tightens around him, pulling Stan closer. "I can't."

"You already did it once. You can do this Stan." Mike says, his breath tickling Stan's ear.

Stan shakes his head, staring straight ahead. "I can't do it again." Even at whispering level his voice comes out strained, choked. "What if-

what if it's like last time and I get separated and It gets me? What if this time you guys don't find me on time?"

"I won't let that happen Stan I promise." Mike tells him firmly and Stan wants to believe him. He really does. Neither of them know what's going to happen in there but if there's one person he would trust to promise him that it's going to be okay, it's Mike. " **Nothing is going to happen to you .**" Mike says, and Stan feels him press a kiss into his curls. "I won't let anything happen to you."

Stan lets out a sigh. He's still afraid, more than he's ever been, but he finds himself believing Mike. He knows that if he doesn't, there's no way he's going into that house and he needs to go, he knows that. They need to stick together if they want to win. And they will win. Stan needs to believe that this time they will. For good.

"Alright. Let's go kill this fucking clown." Richie says as soon as Bill stops talking.

In silent agreement they all follow Bill as he walks towards the door. Mike's arm falls from Stan's shoulder but only so he can grab his hand.

"I'm here. I'll be here the entire time." Mike says, looking straight into Stan's eyes.

Stan nods, squeezing Mike's hand. "I know. You've always been. Even when I didn't remember you, you were there."

And right there in Neibolt street, about to go into Its lair to face their biggest fears for the second time in their lives, Mike leans down and kisses Stan for the first time. And when they pull apart, Stan has finally stopped shaking.

2. Chapter 2

Notes for the Chapter:

Pairing: Stanscom.

Prompt:

"Come cuddle."

Stan was close to falling asleep on his couch when he heard the doorknob rattle and heard shuffling coming from the other side. Before he could panic about someone trying to break into his apartment, the door flung open and Ben stumbled inside, carrying his backpack, a black cloth bag and his keys.

Stan's expression softened immediately and he smiled at Ben as he closed the door as quietly as he could and turned around, locking eyes with Stan. For a second, he seemed surprised to see him even though he was the one who had just walked into Stan's apartment.

"Oh. Hey Stan." Ben said, heat rushing to his face the way it did every time he so much as looked at Stan, who found the blushing completely endearing.

"Hi Ben."

Ben carefully set his bag on the floor and gestured to the door. "Sorry I didn't knock first. I thought you might be sleeping. I know you're usually most tired on Tuesdays."

"It's okay, I gave you the key so that you would use it." Stan chuckled. "And you were right, I *was* trying to sleep."

"Oh." Ben's face fell and he scratched the back of his neck. "I'm sorry that I woke you up. I can go if you want —"

Stan immediately shook his head. "No, you arrived at the perfect time. You can **come cuddle** me, you know I sleep better like that."

Ben's face broke into a goofy grin, face flushing. "I can do that." He said, then seemed to remember something. "But first I want to show you something."

He grabbed the cloth bag he had been carrying and walked over to the couch. Before sitting next to Stan though—and with his face a deep shade of red by then— he leaned down and kissed Stan's cheek. "Hi."

"Hi." Stan replied with a smile even if they had just greeted each other a couple of minutes ago. "So, what do you want to show me?" He asked amused when Ben simply stared at him.

"Right! Do you remember my carpentry project?"

"The one you've been super secretive about?" Stan asked curiously.

Ben nodded. "That's the one. So, I got an A on it. "

"Of course you did." Stan said, reaching over to squeeze Ben's knee, prompting him to blush again at the gentle touch. "Does that mean I finally get to see it?"

Ben had been talking about that project for months, staying up late at night sketching and spending long hours at the workshop working on it but every time Stan asked to see it, Ben would tell him that he had to wait until it was finished. Stan was genuinely curious to know what it was and see how it turned out.

"Yes, you do. Drumroll please." Ben said, tucking his hands inside the bag but keeping them there.

Stan rolled his eyes fondly but went with it, drumming his hands against the blanket that covered his lap.

Ben snorted at the lame attempt but retrieved an item from the bag, holding it out for Stan to take.

"It's a—"

"A bird house." Stan finished, staring down at it in awe.

It was the size of a shoe box, shaped like an hexagon with a small opening in the shape of a heart. The wood was painted light blue with golden details, spirals and such and it was absolutely —

"Beautiful." Stan gasped, carefully moving it around in his hands. "You really made this? No wonder your professor gave you an A, it's amazing."

Ben was nervously biting down on his bottom lip, watching Stan closely. "So you like it?"

"Of course Ben, it's beautiful." He said, trailing the golden details with his finger.

"Good 'cause it's yours."

Stan's head snapped up, eyebrows knitting together. "What?"

"Uh yeah." Ben gulped, wringing his hands together as he nervously started rambling. "I made it for you. I mean I made it for my carpentry class but the professor told us to make something useful you know, something we could use after or give to someone and I thought I could give it to you because you're great and deserve nice things and then I thought long and hard over what I could make. At first I thought of a wooden clock because you like getting places on time but then I remember how excited you got the other day at the park when we saw that bird, what was it called? Song tush?"

Stan let out a snort. "Song thrush." He corrected him, staring adoringly at Ben, who was too busy not meeting Stan's eyes to notice.

"Right and I figured that I could make a birdhouse for you and I thought we could hang it from the tree outside your bedroom. I don't know if birds will even show up but if they do then you will be able to watch them from your window and take pictures and—"

"Ben." Stan cut him off, cradling Ben's face in his hands, worried that he might actually pass out from lack of oxygen with how fast he was talking.

"Yes?"

"I love it." Stan said and leaned forward, placing a sweet kiss on Ben's lips. "Thank you."

Ben blushed again and this time Stan could feel his cheeks heating up under the palms of his hands. "You're welcome, Stan." He said with a dopey grin.

Stan returned the smile, letting his hands fall from Ben's face. "I don't know how we're going to hang it though." He laughed.

Ben pursed his lips in thought. "We could ask Richie for help, he spent half of his childhood climbing the tree outside Eddie's house."

"And if he falls, we can always laugh at him." Stan teased.

"I'll give him a call." Ben said, pushing himself off the couch but Stan stopped him by grabbing his hand.

"You can do that later." He said, setting the birdhouse carefully on the coffee table, then he grabbed his blanket in one hand, Ben's hand still in the other and started dragging him towards his room. "First, we nap."

Ben smiled. "Can't say no to that."

3. Chapter 3

Notes for the Chapter:

Pairing: Stanlon.

Prompt:

"Nothing is going to happen to you." (Same prompt, different story)

"Oh my God."

Mike smiled proudly at Stan. "She's gorgeous isn't she?"

"She's huge!" Stan replied, staring at the horse. Staring *up* at the horse. Stan wasn't a short guy, no matter what Richie liked to say and the fact that he had to tilt his head back to stare at Harmony, Mike's horse since he was a kid, made him feel uneasy. And he was supposed to climb on top of her?

Mike let out a chuckle, tilting his head. "I suppose she is." He clicked his tongue, attracting Harmony's attention. She started walking towards them and Stan instinctively took a step back. She popped her head over the stall door and greeted Mike with a whine. "Hi, girl." Mike said, stroking her head. "I have someone I want you to meet."

Almost like she understood, her head turned to Stan. He waved nervously.

Mike tried to fight off a smile. "You're gonna have to come closer than that." He said, waving Stan over.

"Do I really have to?" Mike nodded and Stan let out a sigh. "Fine."

He approached slowly, cautiously. "Extend your arm." Mike said and he complied. "Now offer the back of your hand."

"Like this?" Mike nodded. Harmony curiously smelled Stan's hand, her nose bumping against Stan's fingers, making him jump slightly.

"There you go." Mike encouraged and Stan let out a breath he didn't know he had been holding. "She likes you." He said and Stan smiled,

pleased. "I knew she would. She always had great taste." Mike winked and heat rose into Stan's cheeks.

Harmony whined, demanding back their attention. Mike chuckled, rubbing her head. "Come on, let's get you ready."

Stan watched from outside the stall as Mike saddled the horse, preparing her for him. Slowly his uneasiness returned, his hands turning clammy as he nervously bounced on the balls of his feet.

When Mike pulled one of the straps too tight and Harmony whined in protest, stomping her hoof against the floor, Stan had to stop himself from running out of the stable.

Mike must have noticed, he chuckled under his breath. "Having second thoughts?"

Stan let out a strained laugh. "What gave you that impression?"

"You look like you're one second away from hightailing it out of here."

"I'm fine Mike." He said but his voice came out slightly higher. "You're sure this is safe right? Because I can come back some other day."

Mike chuckled. "I don't remember you being this nervous when you were going to meet my parents."

Stan shrugged even if Mike was standing with his back to him. "I didn't have to worry about your parents kicking me with their hooves!"

Mike patted Harmony's head, leaving her side to go to Stan, leaning over the stall door to bring their faces close until they were only inches away from each other. Unlike he did with Harmony, this time Stan didn't lean back.

"You don't have to be nervous Stan." Mike said, with a reassuring smile. " **Nothing is going to happen to you** . I'll be right there." He kissed the corner of Stan's mouth before pulling back. "I don't see what you're so scared about. This can't be worse than that time

Richie dared you to ride on a motorcycle with him."

Stan cringed at the reminder, he really thought he would die that day. "I mean yeah but this is a breathing, living creature!" He said, pointing at the horse who was currently sniffing the floor calmly. "And at least I was wearing a helmet back then."

"Oh a helmet! I can help with that." Mike said, grabbing one where it hung from the wall and putting it on Stan. It was a tight fit, crushing Stan's curls and he knew he would have the worst helmet hair when he took it off but Mike was grinning at him and Stan couldn't help but grin back. "It looks cute on you."

"It does not."

The horse neighed and Mike laughed. "Even Harmony agrees." Stan rolled his eyes, cheeks pinkening up. "Alright, let's do this." He said and went to get the horse, using the reins to pull her along. Stan kept his distance while they walked out of the stall.

"Okay, come over here." Mike said, gesturing him over. Stan warily approached, back stiff and jaw clenched. Harmony let out an uneasy whine and Stan flinched. "Easy girl."

"Maybe they're like sharks -and they can smell fear you know?"

Mike let out a snort. "Sharks don't smell fear they smell blood babe." He clarified. "Now come on, lift your left foot into the stirrup, like that. Hold onto the reins." He instructed, holding Stan's waist to help him keep his balance. "Good. Now propel yourself up and throw your right leg over the saddle."

Stan did and the first few tries ended with him almost falling on his ass but Mike managed to keep him on his feet. On the third try, Mike hoisted him up at the same time he jumped up and he was finally able to mount the horse. It hadn't gone as smoothly as he would've wanted but he made it. And without landing on the floor in the process.

"There! You're doing it!"

"All I'm doing is sit on a horse."

"To be honest I thought you wouldn't even get this far." Mike laughed, Stan glared half-heartedly at him.

"You're lucky I'm too scared to let go of the saddle or I'd smack you upside the head."

Still laughing, Mike grabbed the reins, pulling them over Harmony's head to lead her outside the stable. "I'll hold on to these at first and if you're feeling ready I'll let you take control."

Stan nodded, holding onto the saddle with a tight grip as Mike started walking and Harmony followed. It took a while for Stan to relax but when he finally did, he started to enjoy himself.

"This isn't so bad."

"I told you didn't I?" Mike flashed him a smug grin that made Stan roll his eyes. "You want to give it a try?" He held the reins up for Stan.

"Yeah no. I'm good."

Mike walked them around the farm for a while, alternating between talking to Stan and talking to Harmony. It was starting to get dark when they returned to the stable.

When it was time for Stan to dismount he did it even less smoothly than before and Mike had to catch him before he face planted into the ground.

"We'll have to work on that part." Mike laughed, arms wrapped around Stan's waist. "Come on, you deserve a nice cup of tea and some homemade cookies for all of that."

"All I did was sit." Stan said with a snort. "Harmony did all the hard work."

"Does that mean you don't want tea and cookies?"

"Of course I do!"

Mike laughed, giving Stan a quick kiss on the mouth. "Good. I just

have to get her back inside and unsaddle her and we can go."

Stan nodded, gently rubbing the horse's head. "Goodbye Harmony. I promise I'll sneak you an apple for your trouble next time."

"Next time?" Mike asked, amused.

Stan shrugged, giving her one last rub. "Like I said, it wasn't that bad."

4. Chapter 4

Notes for the Chapter:

Pairing: Stanlon (side Reddie)

Prompt:

"This is the part where you ask me out and I say yes."

Stan was stacking up some decorations when he caught movement through the glass. He looked up and saw two familiar faces making their way to Parties To Go, the party supply store he and Eddie worked at.

"Eddie your boyfriend's back!"

Eddie walked out of their storage room, glaring at Stan. "Shut up Stan. Richie's not my boyfriend."

"How did you even know I was talking about Richie?" Stan smirked making Eddie roll his eyes. He stepped on his tiptoes to look at Richie, he was almost at the door now. "I'm actually impressed. He actually made it two days without stopping by."

Eddie shook his head, the tiniest hint of a smile on his face. "One day. He stopped by yesterday while you were on your lunch break."

Stan snorted. "Never mind."

"Looks like he dragged Mike with him this time." Eddie said, smirking at Stan. "Who knows? This might actually be the day he finally mans up and asks you out."

Stan felt his cheeks flare up. "And maybe this will be the day you finally say yes to Richie asking you out."

Eddie also blushed and just then, the bell above the door chimed.

"Eddie my love! I'm back!" Richie shouted, walking up to the counter. "I've missed you."

"You were here yesterday." Eddie said deadpan, but Stan could tell he

was fighting off a smile.

"And you've grown cuter ever since." He said, jumping up on the counter and getting all up on Eddie's face who tried -and failed- to pretend he didn't like it.

"And you've grown more annoying." Stan said, making Richie turn towards him.

"Staniel, lovely as always." Richie said, smiling at Stan. He nudged Mike who had been silent since walking in, watching his friend with amusement and stealing shy glances at Stan. "Ain't that right Mikey?"

Stan watched as Mike blushed and he felt his stomach flutter. "Yeah." He said in the quietest voice before meeting Stan's eyes. "Hi Stan."

"Hi Mike." Stan answered with a smile.

Richie cooed and Eddie hit him in the ribs. "So what brings you here this time?" Eddie asked. "Another baby shower? Gender reveal party? Your grandma's 100 birthday?"

All of them excuses Richie had already used to come visit Eddie at the store, most of the times dragging Mike along.

"Nope, none of that. It's my pet snake's birthday."

Both Stan and Eddie raised their eyebrows and Mike let out a snort.

"You better not be setting up for a joke about your dick." Stan said, flatly. Richie barked out a laugh.

"Ha! Your mind Stan! I hadn't even thought of that. No, no I'm serious. It's Pretzel's birthday and I need balloons. The long green ones so they look like him."

"You're ridiculous." Eddie rolled his eyes but walked around the counter, grabbing Richie's arm. "Come on I'll show you where they are." And dragged Richie away.

Stan turned to Mike, eyes narrowed. "Does he even have a pet snake?"

Mike snorted. "He does, yeah."

"And is it really his birthday?"

"Nah, he's just running out of excuses." Mike said, leaning on the counter. "He thinks he's getting close to wearing Eddie down. I hope he's right."

It was Stan's turn to snort. "Are you getting tired of him dragging you here?"

Mike bit his bottom lip, smiling shyly at Stan. "Not really."

"Oh. Do you also have a reason to keep coming back?" Stan said, also leaning on the counter and bringing their faces close. The proximity must have been too much for Mike because he leaned back slightly, clearing his throat nervously, hand hanging from his neck.

"Uh. I actually need a card for a- a friend's party."

Stan tried to mask his disappointment behind the smile he put on for their regular customers even though Mike was more than that. He had been showing up for almost as long as Richie, which was a couple of weeks and while their two friends bickered and flirted in their own weird way, they would laugh at them in between getting to know each other talking about college and friends and family.

Stan had been waiting for Mike to ask him out for a while, sure that he was interested but it still hadn't happened. Stan was starting to wonder if it ever would. He might need to make a move himself.

"I can help with that." He said, guiding Mike toward the aisle where the cards were.

There, Mike rummaged around, checking his options while Stan made himself busy, trying to keep himself from staring at Mike's ass in those jeans while he bent down.

"When is your friend's party?"

"Saturday. Her boyfriend is throwing her a party for her birthday." Mike said flatly.

Stan chuckled. "You don't sound so excited."

Mike shrugged, picking a card and straightening up. "It's not that I don't want to go, I love both Ben and Bev but she's been bugging me about going out with people and she said there's a friend she wants to introduce me to at that party." He said, scrunching up his nose. "And I'm not looking forward to that."

Stan perked up, moving closer to Mike. "Why don't you take someone with you?"

"Because I'm terribly single." Mike said with a huff. "And I'm terrible at that- at asking people out."

"I've noticed." Stan muttered, quietly.

"What?"

"Nothing nothing." Stan said, brushing him off and offering a smile.

"Maybe I should ask Richie for help. He's been asking Eddie out since the first time he saw him."

"And how many times did Eddie say yes?" Stan said raising an eyebrow.

Mike laughed, a hearty laugh that made Stan's heart beat rapidly. "Good point. But at least he puts himself out there you know? I'm just too afraid that a guy doesn't like me back that I never get around to ask him- them." Mike said, not meeting Stan's eyes and fidgeting with the card in his hands.

Stan perked up, hoping that he was reading the situation right, he moved closer to Mike. "You know? You'll never know if you don't ask him. And between you and me-" Stan smiled up at him. "He's an idiot if he doesn't like you."

Mike choked on his spit and tried to hide it behind a cough. "Uh. Um. Okay."

When he didn't say anything else, Stan chuckled, finding Mike's nerves endearing.

"Mike?" He asked and Mike hummed, his eyes darting between Stan's eyes and his lips. Stan licked them just to mess with him. " **This is the part where you ask me out on a date and I say yes.** "

Mike's eyes widened and he let out a nervous laugh. "I- I told you I'm bad at this." He took a deep breath. "Fine okay. Stan would you like to go out with me?"

Stan smiled. *Finally* . "Yes Mike I would love to."

"And maybe if the date goes well would you come with me to Bev's party?"

"You're thinking about a second date already?" Stan teased.

"And a third and a fourth. If you want of course."

Before Stan could tell him that yes, he would like that very much, they heard Eddie and Richie's bickering getting closer.

"Come on, I'll ring that up for you." Stan said, grabbing the card from Mike. Then he got an idea and instead of turning around and heading for the register, he leaned forward and kissed the corner of Mike's mouth. "Actually just take it. It's on the house, you and Richie are our most frequent customers after all."

Mike laughed, blushing again but grabbing the card. Richie strutted over to them, looking pretty proud of himself.

"Guess who just scored a date with the cutest guy on earth?"

Mike and Stan exchanged a look and both said, "I did."

Richie paused, stared at the two of them and barked a laugh. "Well well well. Congratulations ya lovebirds, but I meant me. I finally wore Eddie down and he said yes to a date."

Stan snorted. "So basically you annoyed him into going out with you."

"I'm too fucking happy right now to care about your sarcasm Stan the man." Richie said then he clapped Mike on the shoulder. "Come on

Mikey I need an outfit for Bev's party. I need to really impress Eds."

"You invited Eddie to the party?"

Richie nodded. "Let me guess, you invited Stan?" They both nodded. "Aw it will be like a double date, fuck yeah!" He said then started to drag Mike away. "Now say goodbye to your boy here, we need to get you a killer outfit too."

Mike waved at Stan but before they could leave he grabbed a card from the stand and with one of the pens he kept in his shirt pocket he wrote down his phone number and gave it to Mike.

"Fucking adorable!" Richie said, pushing Mike towards the door. He waved at Stan.

Stan watched them leave, smiling and knowing it wouldn't take long before they came back. They might not need an excuse now but they definitely had two good reasons to return.

5. Chapter 5

Notes for the Chapter:

Pairing: Hanzier

Prompt: Matched in an online chat roulette room.

“Hey Richie where’s your laptop?”

"Over there on my desk why?"

“I have an idea.” Bev said, taking one last sip of wine before setting the glass on Richie's bedside table.

She sat next to Richie on the bed, her legs crossed and the laptop propped up on her lap.

Richie stared curiously at her as she opened the browser and started typing. “Chatroulette? What’s that?”

“It’s a website where you get paired with random people from all over the world so you can, like video chat with strangers.” Bev explained. Her words were slightly slurred, the wine already getting to her. Richie had lost count of how many glasses she had already. “I heard Kay talking about it a couple of days ago. I thought we could check it out.”

Richie snorted, he'd heard of these sites before but never tried one himself. “You know we’re probably going to be seeing a lot of dicks on this right?”

Beverly shrugged, typing out a username. She tried to type 'richandbev' but in her drunken state ended up with a key smash that looked nothing like their names. “It’s not like either of us have never seen a stranger’s dick before.” She said, nudging Richie with her elbow. “Come on Rich. Let’s have some fun.”

Richie sighed but nodded thinking *why the hell not?* Bev squealed in excitement, allowing access to the webcam, she sat close to Richie so both of them were visible before clicking the start button.

As if to prove Richie right they got a full view of a man's crotch. Bev squealed in horror, covering Richie's eyes with her hands while he tried to blindly click at the 'next' button.

The screen changed, showing a group of girls, giggling drunkenly and waving at them. Bev giggled along with them. They talked for a while, the girls laughing at Richie's voices and gushing over Bev's hair before moving on. Next they were paired with a guy sitting in front of a piano who started playing and singing 'Twinkle twinkle little star' until Richie clicked the 'next' button while shaking with laughter. They had to skip through a few other dicks and a man dressed as a clown, staring silently and creepily at the camera but other than that they had a good time making their way through a bunch of chats, talking to some but mostly laughing to themselves while drinking.

After a while Bev passed out on Richie's shoulder after drinking more than she could handle. Richie removed the laptop from her lap and repositioned her so that she was lying down before covering her with a blanket.

"That's cute." A voice said and he almost fell from the bed in surprise.

"Jesus fucking christ!" He cursed, looking around for the source of that sound. He heard a laugh coming from his laptop, sitting at the end of the bed and realized that he never signed out from the website and that he had been paired up with a new stranger while tucking Bev in. "Shit sorry I didn't realize this was still on, hi."

"Hi."

He settled once again with his back against the headboard, the laptop sitting on his lap. The man on his screen was staring curiously at him and Richie had to stop his jaw from falling open.

He was *hot* . Really fucking hot.

Not one to keep his mouth shut and because he had spent the entire night drinking, he blurted out, "Fuck you're hot."

The man let out a hearty amused laugh that went straight to Richie's gut. He stared (ogled) at him while he laughed, taking in his dark skin, bright smile, broad shoulders and his arms. God, his arms, they looked like they were going to rip through his shirt at any moment. Richie would like that very much. "I don't think your girlfriend would appreciate you hitting on me when she's right there."

"My girlfriend? Oh you mean Bev?" Richie asked, pointing the camera to where Bev was bundled up in her blanket, snoring lightly. "She's not my girlfriend, we're best friends. I'm very much single. And gay. So fucking gay. Especially right now." Richie said, then he scrunched up his nose. "That's- that was probably the most information I've given a stranger online."

The man chuckled. "I'm flattered. I guess it's only fair that I return the favor." He said, Richie raised his eyebrows. "I'm also single. And bi." He said with a playful smirk that made Richie bite his lip. "And my name is Mike."

"I'm Richie."

"Richie." Mike repeated the name. "Tell me Rich do you come here often?"

Richie chuckled, reaching up to adjust his glasses. "No, I'm a chatroulette virgin. I- Bev and I were drinking and she wanted to give it a try but then she passed out. What about you, man?"

"A friend told me about this site and I figured it couldn't hurt to check it out."

"How you liking it so far?"

The guy shrugged his shoulders — his big, broad shoulders — leaning back on his chair. "Well, I saw more dicks than I expected. But I also had a very deep, very interesting conversation with a guy in a full Spiderman costume."

"Ah you got lucky man. All we got was a guy dressed like a creepy clown." Richie said with a shudder.

"Then a couple of girls ask me to take my shirt off for them."

Richie's eyes widened, before running them up and down Mike's torso, picturing it without a shirt. "And did you — did you do it?"

Mike blushed, shaking his head. "No, man. I'm not that easy."

Richie clicked his tongue. "Damn. And here I was hoping to get a free show." He laughed.

Mike smirked, shaking his head at him. "Then I got paired with this guy. Kinda nerdy. Cute. Sexy. With pretty blue eyes — "

Richie let out a snort, feeling a pang of jealousy. "Oh yeah? Why did you click through him then?"

"I didn't." Mike said, giving Richie a pointed look.

Richie's breath caught in his throat, eyes widening behind his glasses. "Oh. Oh. I'm the- right got it." He laughed nervously, feeling his cheeks turn red and hoping it wasn't that visible through the camera. But he wasn't so lucky.

"Are you blushing? Did I make you blush?"

Richie spluttered, reaching up to adjust his glasses. Again. Just to have something to do with his hands. "No!" He lied with a snort. "I've been — drinking. All night. That's it." Mike smirked at him, unconvinced. "Fine yes I am. Shut up! You're just- you're really hot okay?"

"Yeah you said that."

"Yeah well it bears repeating." Richie ran a hand through his hair. "Let's just — can we talk about something else?"

"What do you want to talk about?"

Richie bit on his bottom lip but before he had to rack his brain for a subject, he heard a bark coming from the computer and his eyes lit up. "Fucking shit! Please tell me that's a dog."

"Yeah his name is Mr. Chips, do you want to — "

"Fuck yes! Show it to me Mike!"

Mike's eyes crinkled with amusement. "Are we still talking about the dog?"

Richie let out a snort, covering his mouth with his hands when he felt Bev shift next to him. "I'll be happy with anything you want to show me Mike." He said with a wink. "I really wanna see the dog though."

"Maybe later then." Mike said with a wink of his own, making Richie bite down on his lip. "I'll be right back."

Mike came back with a dog and Richie gushed over him. Mr. Chips sat on Mike's lap while they talked -and heavily flirted- some more. About friends, about school, what they wanted to do when the graduated.

They had been talking for almost two hours when Mike asked where Richie lived. He was reminded that this web site paired you up with strangers from *all over the world* . Meaning Mike could very well be in another country, maybe even another continent. Which was depressing. He really liked Mike.

"Just a shitty old town called Derry."

Mike frowned. "Derry as in Derry, Maine?"

"You've heard of it?" Richie asked surprised, he hadn't expected Mike to know the name of his town. No one did.

"Richie I live in — "

But before Mike could tell him where he lived, the screen went black before a small window popped up telling Richie that his Internet connection was lost.

"Fuck! Not now. No no no no. Mike?" Richie clicked on the screen repeatedly, anxiously but Mike's face was gone. "No, come on you stupid website. Show me Mike. Fuck!"

He refreshed the page and the website appeared again but this time the person on the screen wasn't Mike but a random stranger. He

clicked through. And again. And again. Hoping to get Mike again but he knew the odds were slim if not non-existent.

Richie let out a frustrated groan, closing the laptop hard enough to startle Bev.

"Rich. What is it?" She asked, voice slurred with sleep. "Who's Mike?"

Richie sighed. "Just the love of my life."

"What?"

"Nothing. Just go back to sleep Bev."

"M'kay. G'night."

"Yeah goodnight." Richie laid down next to her, closing his eyes and cursing that stupid website under his breath until he fell asleep.

* * *

Richie's phone started ringing the moment he walked out of the store, holding popcorn and other snacks in his arms. He struggled to grab the phone and brought it up to his ear in the final ring.

"Why the fuck aren't you back yet?" Eddie asked in greeting, Richie let out a snort.

"Aw Eds do you miss me already?"

"Don't call me that." Eddie snarked with no real bite. "But seriously where are you? Everyone's here already, except you and Bev."

"Eduardo chill. I just finished picking up the snacks, I'm waiting for Bev to come back with the movies." Richie explained, searching the street for any sign of Bev. They decided to split up to make it to Bill's house faster.

"Well hurry dude. We're waiting. Hey did you get my —"

"Fucking disgusting lemon soda? Of course I did Eds."

Richie could practically hear Eddie rolling his eyes through the

phone. “Don’t—”

“—call me that, I know. Well guess what, fuck y— Shit!” Richie’s sentence was cut off when he felt something collide against the back of his legs. He lost his balance and almost dropped his phone, managing to keep his grip. The bags he carried weren’t that lucky. “Son of a bitch.” Richie muttered under his breath, staring at the snacks scattered on the floor.

“Rich? What happened?”

Before he could answer Eddie, he felt something wet lapping at his hand, he looked down to see a dog, staring up at him, head lolled to a side. “Hey buddy.” Richie said, patting the dog’s head. He wagged his tail and forgetting about the snacks, he crouched in front of him and the dog started licking his face. “Woah okay, at least buy me dinner first.”

“Richie who the fuck are you talking to?” Eddie asked, voice small and distant coming from phone still in Richie’s hand.

“It’s just a dog Eds don’t be jealous. He pushed me. Yeah he did.” He said, scratching behind his ear. “But that’s okay because you’re cute, the cutest boy aren’t you?” Richie furrowed his eyebrows, studying the dog’s face. “Wait I think I know you, why do I think I know—”

“Mr. Chips!” A voice called and the dog perked up, Richie’s frown deepened.

He repeated the name under his breath, wondering why it sounded so familiar. He looked at the dog again and this time it clicked. “Holy shit!”

“Mr. Chips!” The voice called again, closer this time. Richie’s stomach tightened with nerves and excitement and he looked up at the guy the voice and the dog belonged to, confirming his suspicions. “Why did you run off like that buddy?”

Richie’s mouth fell open and he stared at the guy as he kneeled on the sidewalk and clasped a leash on the dog’s collar. His eyes darted from the dog to the snacks on the floor and he frowned. “Shit did he

do that? I'm so sorry man, I'll pay for—"

"Mike?" Richie cut in, finding his voice. The guy looked up at him for the first time and his eyes widened comically.

"Richie?" Mike asked, his face breaking into a grin. "Oh my god."

That grin —that Richie's computer screen didn't do any justice—threw Richie for a loop. "I can't— fuck is this another dream?" Richie asked, shaking his head. It had been almost two weeks since Bev and him had tried the chat room, since he had met Mike. He never expected to see him again in his computer, let alone in real life.

"*Another* dream? You dream about me?" Mike asked with an amused smile.

Richie's eyes widened when he realized what he had said and blushed furiously. He didn't want to admit it but he had actually dreamed that he met Mike in person a few days ago. Before he had to lie about it though, his phone started ringing. "Uh give me a second." He said to Mike, standing up and answering the call. "Hello?"

"You hung up on me asshole." Eddie said annoyed.

"Oh sorry Eds. I ran into a friend." Richie said. Mike grinned up at him and Richie's stomach filled with butterflies.

"A friend?" Eddie asked sounding genuinely confused. "You mean Bev? Because we're the only friends that you have."

"Fuck you Eddie, I have more friends." Eddie let out a snort. "I do. His name is Mike."

"Wait Mike? As in the Mike you've been whining about for two weeks?"

Richie grimaced, hoping that Mike wasn't able to hear what Eddie was saying on the phone but based on his slight blush and shy smile, he definitely could. Eddie always had a habit of speaking too loud. Richie huffed, and it was *him* their friends complained about.

"Shut up dude. Listen we'll see you soon." He said and before Eddie

could whine and tell them to hurry up, he hung up on him, he knew he would hear all about it later but he couldn't care less at the moment. Mike was staring at him and Richie tried to come up with something to say but his tongue got all tied up when Mike stood up and Richie had to look *up* at him. He had guessed Mike was taller than him but he hadn't thought of how that would make him feel. He tried to gather his thoughts, running his eyes over Mike, blatantly checking him out. But that did the exact opposite. "Fuck man you're even hotter in person." Richie blurted out before he could stop himself.

Mike chuckled and Richie could feel his eyes moving over him, he fidgeted nervously wishing he looked better. He knew his hair was a mess, his glasses askew and he was lanky, no muscle where Mike was fucking built. He was pale and his teeth were crooked and —

And he had Mike's thumb running over his cheekbone while he smiled softly at him, making Richie feel like he was melting from the inside. "And you're prettier." He said and Richie choked on his spit, cheeks flaring. "Especially when you blush."

Richie let out a strained laugh. "You're such a sweet talker Mikey." He huffed, willing his face to cool down. "What— What are you doing here?"

"In Derry?" Richie nodded. "I live here. My family's farm is just outside of town."

"And you didn't think to mention that?" It would've saved Richie a lot of time that he invested in trying to get paired up with Mike again in the video chat website.

"I tried but then the connection fell through."

"Oh right." Richie chuckled. "Fucking internet man." Mike chuckled too and Mr. Chips barked, attracting their attention. "Hey buddy." Richie said, crouching again. "I knew you looked familiar. Do you remember me?"

Mr. Chips wagged his tail, nuzzling Richie's hand. "He might. He never takes off running like that unless he's after someone." Mike

said, watching them with a soft expression. "Sorry about your stuff." He pointed at the snacks, still on the floor.

Richie shrugged, gathering them and throwing them in the bag. "Don't worry man. I just won't tell Eddie his snacks were on the floor or he'll go on a rant about germs for hours."

"Was that the guy on the phone?" Richie nodded. "Is he your—"

"Best friend since we were in diapers." Richie said. "I told you I was single remember?"

Mike shrugged. "A lot can change in two weeks."

"Well that didn't. And neither did the fact that I'm really gay in case you were wondering." Richie said, eyes moving over Mike's chest and broad shoulders.

Mike grinned. "Good."

"Rich! I have the movies, did you get the— Oh hi." Bev appeared next to Richie, coming to a stop when he noticed her friend was talking to someone else. Mike waved shyly.

"Hey Bev. This is Mike, Mike this is—"

"Mike? Chatroulette Mike?" Bev asked, wide eyes darting between Mike and Richie. "Holy shit."

"That's what I said." Richie chuckled.

"Holy shit!" She said again, louder and slapped Richie's arm. "Fuck dude, I know you said he was hot as fuck but *damn*."

"He said that?" Mike asked Bev but he was staring at Richie, smirking. "What else did he say?"

"He whined and cried for two weeks." Bev said, Richie glared at her but she shrugged it off. "He would go through a bunch of chats pretty much every day trying to get paired up with you again. He said he needed to find the love of his—"

“Okay!” Richie said, high pitched and alarmed, muffling the end of Bev’s sentence but the way Mike’s eyes crinkled at the corners of his eyes told Richie that he knew how she planned to finish it. Richie’s ears felt like they were burning. He fished the keys of his truck from his pocket and shoved them in Bev’s hands. “Here get in the truck, I’ll be right there.”

She rolled her eyes but accepted the keys. “Fine fine but if you get in that car and you don’t have Mike’s number with you I will kick your ass.”

“Go!” Richie said, Mike was trying to hide his laughter behind his hand. Bev waved at Mike and walked away. “I’m— sorry about that.” Richie said.

Mike grinned. “Did you really do that? Try to get paired up with me again?”

Richie scrunched up his face. “Maybe? It’s pathetic I know.”

“I think it’s cute.” Mike said. “I think you’re cute.” He smiled when Richie blushed even more. “I would’ve done the same if you hadn’t told me you were from Derry. I figured we would run into each other sooner or later. I’m glad it was the former.”

“Me too man.”

They stared at each other, smiling nervously until Richie heard a car honking loudly and recognized it. He scrunched up his face. “That’s Bev. I have to go, our friends are waiting for us.”

“Oh yeah of course.”

“Do you— uh. Would you want to see each other again? Maybe go out? With me?” Richie asked, wringing his hands together. He was nervous but he wasn’t going to let Mike go again without making sure they could see each other again.

“Like on a date?”

“Yeah.”

Mike grinned. "Definitely."

Mr. Chips barked and Richie looked down at him. "Of course you can come too buddy." He said, petting the dog.

He grabbed his phone and gave it to Mike. He watched as he typed down his number. Because Mike wanted Richie to call him. To see him again. To go out with him. Richie couldn't keep the smile from his face if he tried. "Here. Call me Richie." Their fingers brushed together when accepting the phone, making a shiver run down his spine.

"A video call?" Richie asked with a grin that Mike returned.

"Yeah." He said, tightening his hold on the leash and starting to walk backwards away from Richie, pulling Mr. Chips along. "And if you're lucky I will take my shirt off for you this time." He winked and the words made Richie's stomach coil.

"You can't say stuff like that man." Richie said with a strained laugh. "Now that's all I'll think about during movie night!"

Mike barked out a laugh, waving at Richie one final time before turning around and walking away. Richie kept his eyes on him until he disappeared. Then he started walking towards his car, wondering just how mad his friends would be if he skipped movie night, locking himself up in Bill's bathroom to take Mike up on his offer.

6. Chapter 6

Summary for the Chapter:

Pairing: Hanzier.

Prompt:

Kissing by the river, life or death.

When Mike asked his friends if any of them would like to go on a camping trip with him, he expected all of them to say no. If he had to pick one to say yes, he would've said Bill. Maybe Stan, if he thought it would give him a chance to see some birds.

Mike never thought that, out of all of them, Richie would be the one to say yes. At first, Mike thought he was joking and he waited, amused for the punchline, only it never came. Now, it was a week later and the two of them were making their way through the woods and Mike was starting to believe Richie was serious about it.

They kept having to stop because Richie was in terrible shape and his noodle arms were having trouble carrying his backpack. Mike would wait patiently for him to recover, hand him a water bottle, offer to carry his stuff. He didn't mind that it was taking twice as long to get to the campsite as usual, he liked having Richie there with him.

"Fuck Mikey. Are we almost there?" Richie huffed, breathing heavy. He was slumped against a tree, arms wrapped around the trunk to support his weight. His bag was so overpacked that if he tried to stand straight, gravity would make him fall on his ass. It happened once already and Mike had to pull him back on his feet while Richie wailed about knowing how turtles felt now. "I feel like I'm gonna pass out any minute and I know that on any given day you could carry me like a fainting damsel, but I doubt you can also carry our things."

Mike chuckled, handing him a water bottle. "We're almost there Rich, don't worry."

It still took them half an hour and several breaks to get there and when they did, Richie tossed his backpack on the ground and

dropped himself right next to it, whining dramatically about how he couldn't feel his legs.

Knowing it would be a while before Richie got up, Mike started setting up their tent. They only brought one, because Richie didn't own a tent and because they really didn't need to bring something else they'd have to carry. Besides, Mike didn't mind sharing a tent with Richie. It was big enough for both of them and they had their own sleeping bags anyway. It's not like they would be sharing a bed or something like that. Not that Mike would mind that either.

He was staking down the corners of the tent when he heard Richie let out a whistle. Mike turned around to face him, he was still on the ground but now he was leaning back on his elbows, smirking. "Damn Mike, I recovered my breath just for you to take it away again."

Mike felt his face go hot. He tried to blame it on exertion or the fact that he was working under the hot sun, but he knew it was all on Richie and the way he licked his lips while staring Mike up and down.

He bit down a flustered smile, rolling his eyes at Richie. "You're just being dramatic because you don't want to help me."

"You seem to have everything under control, buddy."

He did. And he finished setting up the tent quickly after that.

As soon as Richie was able to stand on his legs again, Mike was dragging them into the woods.

Richie gave him a wary look. "Where are going?"

"We're going for a walk."

"A walk? Why?" Richie whined. "We already walked to get here."

Mike chuckled, his hand dropped from Richie's arm to wrap around his wrist as he picked a trail. "We didn't get to enjoy that one."

"You mean, because of my whining and complaining? Because that's not gonna change."

Mike rolled his eyes, picking up the pace. He intended to let go of Richie's wrist but then Richie was lacing their fingers together. Mike felt the tips of his ears start to burn.

"Uh."

"So I don't wander off, you know." Richie said, shrugging. His cheeks were an adorable shade of pink. "I don't want to get lost in the woods, Mikey."

Mike's lips twitched and he squeezed Richie's hand.

Richie did complain, huffing when making their way up a particularly steep incline and panting when he felt like he was melting inside the black jeans that he insisted to bring, but he also admired the view, pointed excitedly at a squirrel they came across and happily accepted the berries Mike picked for him.

After a while, they decided to head back. When Richie started to whine again, Mike offered to give him a piggyback ride.

"Thank you, stud." Richie said, climbing on Mike's back.

"I think you meant *steed*."

"Nope, I meant stud." Richie said, winking. Mike felt a pleased smile appear on his face.

Back at the campsite, Mike told Richie to go take a nap because his friend looked like he was going to pass out any minute. In the meantime, Mike gathered some wood for a fire, chopping it with an axe. The hot sun was beating down on him and made Mike take off his shirt half way through the task, sweating profusely.

Half an hour later, Richie emerged from the tent, shielding his eyes from the light. It made his shirt ride up a little and the sliver of exposed skin made Mike's grip on the axe falter. He forced himself to look away, he didn't want to drop the axe and chop off his toe because he was distracted by the line of hair disappearing into Richie's jeans.

"Holy fucking shit." He heard Richie gasp and he put his axe down

before turning around to face him. Richie was staring at him with wide eyes, his face a dark shade of red.

"Hey Rich."

Richie faltered. "I know there's a very good line about a lumberjack and something about you giving me wood, somewhere in my head, but I don't think my brain is working at the moment."

Mike chuckled, wiping the sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand, he didn't miss the way Richie followed the movement with his eyes, mouth parted slightly.

Then he shook his head and focused on the chopped wood at Mike's feet instead. "Are we having a fire?"

"Yeah, I brought chocolate and crackers, I thought we could make s'mores."

Richie's face lit up, grinning at Mike, big and honest. "Fuck yeah." He said, pointing at the axe. "I would offer to help you, but I doubt I could lift that fucking thing over my shoulder."

Mike snorted, waving him off. "I'm almost done anyway. If you want to help, you can refill our water bottles." He suggested, pointing over his shoulder at the river.

Richie wrinkled his nose, eyeing the river with distrust. "Is that safe?"

"Who are you? Eddie?"

"Hey, I've heard him rant about *Listeria* or shit like that too many times, man."

"Well, water is pretty clean up here but don't worry, we'll boil it before we drink it just to be safe." Richie nodded, grabbing their water bottles. "Be careful though, the current is pretty strong."

"Got it, chief."

The campsite was near enough to the river that Mike could see Richie

sitting down on a rock, leaning forward to fill the water bottles. He could also hear him singing to himself.

Mike felt a silly grin break in his face, he ducked his head trying to focus on the task at hand.

Mike's crush on Richie wasn't new to him, but lately he was having a hard time keeping his feelings in check. When Richie said he would go camping with him, Mike was both excited and worried, because he would get to spend time with Richie but they would also be alone in the woods for three days and Mike didn't know if his heart- and other parts of him- would survive that. Especially in those moments where it seemed that *maybe* Richie was also attracted to him, like before, when he was practically drooling at the sight of a shirtless Mike or when he held his hand as they walked through the forest.

A loud splash made Mike whirl his head towards the river, thinking maybe Richie accidentally dropped one of the bottles in the water but when he did, he didn't see his friend.

"Richie?"

Mike expected him to pop up from behind a tree with a stupid grin on his face but he didn't. He felt a lump starting to form in the back of his throat.

"Rich this isn't funny, man." He tried, but again, nothing. "Fuck." He muttered, dropping the axe and running towards the river.

He saw the water bottles neatly placed on top of the rock Richie had been sitting on, but no Richie. The river had grown and the current was stronger than before and Mike started to panic.

He looked around, fear prickling under his skin. Then he noticed something a few feet away and he recognized the eye-watering pattern of Richie's ridiculous Hawaiian shirt. He ran towards him and dropped to his knees. Richie was lying face down and Mike was scared to roll him over. He did it anyways and gasped, Richie was bleeding from a small cut on his forehead and his eyes were closed, he didn't seem to be breathing.

“No no no Richie fuck.” Mike shook his shoulders, but Richie remained unmoving. “Richie, come on man.”

He pressed his hands to Richie’s chest and started pushing, grateful that he attended that first aid seminar the first week of college. He pinched Richie’s nose, tilting his head back and pressed their lips together, blowing air into his lungs. When nothing happened he did it again, muttering under his breath, *Richie and come on and please.*

After the third time, Richie surged up, spluttering and coughing up water. Mike fell back on the ground with a relieved sigh, giving Richie some space while catching his own breath.

“Motherfucker.” Richie groaned, voice hoarse and strained. “Fucking hell, my fucking lungs feel like they’re on fire. What the fuck.”

“Yeah, what the fuck, Richie?” Mike shot back. “I told you to be careful and you, what? Decided to go for a swim?”

“I didn’t- Fuck.” Richie coughed a few more times. “I wasn’t trying to go for a swim, I was filling up the water bottles like you said, but then my glasses fell off and when I tried to reach for them, I lost my balance and hit my head with a stupid rock and then nothing.” His hand went to the cut on his forehead, it wasn’t big, wouldn’t even need stitches thank God, but there was a bruise already forming around it. “Shit. That hurts like a bitch. Not as much as my chest, but pretty fucking close.”

Mike scrunched up his face, apologetic. “That’s partly my fault, I think I went too hard on you trying to get you breathing again.”

Richie blinked. “You gave me mouth to mouth?”

“Well yeah, you weren’t breathing and I-”

“Wait wait! You’re telling me that you kissed me for the first time and I was fucking unconscious for it?”

Mike’s eyebrows knitted in a frown. “It wasn’t really a kiss.”

“It’s literally called the kiss of life, Mikey.” Richie said, then rolled his eyes. “Of course, that would happen to me.”

Mike snorted. "Well yeah, you're the only blind idiot I know who would drop his glasses and then himself in a river."

"Hey, rude." Richie narrowed his eyes, then waved him off. "But no, I meant- I finally get you to kiss me and I didn't even get to enjoy it."

"*Finally*?" Mike's eyes widened and he spluttered like he was the one who nearly just drowned. "Wait, *enjoy* it?"

Richie rolled his eyes, snorting. "Who's the blind idiot now?" He shot back. "Come on Mikey. I'm pretty sure I popped a boner when I saw you chopping wood, shirtless and looking like a fucking sex god. I've been hitting on you for years! I held your hand the entire fucking time we were walking. I agreed to go camping with you. Me, the guy who drives his car to the store that is only a block away, who gets winded walking up a flight of stairs. Why the fuck would I do that unless it was to spend time alone with you?"

Mike chuckled, wrapping his head around Richie's ramble. "There are easier ways to do that, you know. Ones that don't end with you almost drowning."

"Why do easy, when I can do you?" Richie said, winking exaggeratedly.

Mike started laughing. *Hard*. "That was terrible, even for you Rich." He said and Richie stuck his tongue out at him. "Do you have a concussion, is that your concussion talking?"

"Fuck you, Mikey." Richie said with no heat. He was also laughing, face scrunched up adorably. His glasses were still missing and Mike knew they would have to worry about that later, but right now it allowed him to see the glint in his pretty blue eyes. It made his own laughter catch in his throat. He lifted his hand to push back some of Richie's wet hair before cradling his face. Richie stopped laughing, staring at Mike with wide, slightly unfocused eyes.

"I like you, Richie." Mike said, heart fluttering at his own admission.

"Ditto."

"And I really want to kiss you right now."

Richie gulped, nodding and letting Mike pull him close at the same time he leaned in, connecting their lips. Richie hummed into his mouth, a short little noise that made Mike's heart speed up as Richie delved deeper into the kiss. Richie held onto Mike's shoulders, feeling him up. Mike totally forgot that he was shirtless until he felt Richie's hands running over all that skin. His own hands were tangled in Richie's hair and he pulled, putting some space between them. Richie whined, chasing after his lips and Mike chuckled, leaning back to give him a big, giddy smile.

"Wow." Richie said, licking his lips and staring at Mike in a daze.

"Yeah." Mike agreed. "That was so much better than our first kiss."

Richie frowned, offended. "Hey, no. I was unconscious. You can't hold that kiss against me."

Mike smiled, if he was being honest, he didn't think he had stop smiling for a while. He placed a chaste kiss on Richie's lips before standing up. "Come on, buddy. We have to find your glasses and clean up that cut. Then we can get you some s'mores. The more sugar you eat, the easier it will be to stay up all night." Mike didn't miss the way Richie's eyebrows did a little wiggle, he let out a snort before explaining. "I'm not letting you fall asleep when you could have a concussion."

Richie heaved out a dramatic sigh. "And here I thought you were keeping me up for," Another eyebrow wiggle. " *Other* reasons."

Mike's lips twitched at the same time his stomach fluttered. "I wouldn't be opposed to that." He winked, pulling Richie along with him.

He wouldn't be opposed to that *at all* .

7. Chapter 7

Summary for the Chapter:

Pairing: Stanlon

Prompt: In the rain + Confessing feelings.

Mike was running through a mental list of all the things he had to do before leaving, while making his way through the library aisles — put the books back on the shelves, pile the stools against the walls then check for stragglers, shut the lights and lock the doors.

When he finished the first two, he walked towards the study area. He was ready to kill the lights there when he noticed he wasn't alone. He spotted a pile of books on one of the desks, their owner sleeping with his head buried in his arms next to them, his light brown curls the only thing Mike could see from the door. It wasn't the first time someone fell asleep while studying or reading and Mike had to wake them before closing up. It happened a lot, especially during finals week.

Mike walked over and gave the guy a little shove. "Wake up." He said, but he didn't even stir. "Hey buddy, you have to wake up." He tried again, a bit louder. The guy let out an annoyed groan, nuzzling further into his arms. Mike let out a soft chuckle. "Listen man, I would leave you here if I could but my boss would probably kill me." He said. "And you, when he finds you here in the morning."

His head snapped up and he looked around with a confused frown. Mike gasped, recognizing the guy. He was a regular at the library, he'd been showing up almost every day since the semester started, always leaving just before closing hours. Of course he wasn't the only student to do that, but Mike couldn't help but notice him in particular.

He was handsome, very handsome. Mike liked his sharp cheekbones, his grey blue eyes and his gorgeous pink lips but his favorite thing were his tight ringlet curls, always well-kempt, never one out of place. Mike would always wondered what it would be like to run his hands through them.

He didn't even know his name, still Mike knew he had a bit of a crush on the guy. They've only talked once, when he asked Mike for help finding a book. After that, he would wave at Mike and give him a nice, sweet smile when he walked out at night and he was sitting at the front desk. Mike had been waiting for a chance to talk to him again but nothing had happened. Until now.

"Hi." Mike said, after a few seconds where they just stared at each other. "Sorry to wake you man, but we're closing." He gave him an apologetic smile.

The guy rubbed his face, creased from his nap. He was wearing a wool green sweater and he looked soft and cute. "Wait, what time is it?"

"Eleven thirty." Mike said, checking his watch.

"Oh." He frowned, staring down at his things. Mike could see a lot of numbers and a calculator off to the side. So the guy was handsome *and* smart. "I swear I only closed my eyes for a second."

"It happens man. You're not the first person I've had to wake up."

The guy let out a snort and started gathering up his things, carefully shoving them in his bag. "I'm lucky you saw me or I would've been really confused when I woke up to a dark, empty library."

"I don't think you would've woken up, you were sleeping like a log there." Mike said. "I had to shake you a few times."

The guy wrinkled his nose, a blush appearing on his face. "I'm a bit of a heavy sleeper, sorry about that."

Mike gave him a nice smile. "Hey, don't worry about it — "

"Stan." He offered when Mike trailed off, holding out his hand.

"I'm Mike. Nice to meet you, Stan." Mike shook it, noticing how soft Stan's hands were.

"Nice to meet you too, Mike."

He smiled at Stan, then realized he had held his hand for a beat too long and released it quickly.

"I should probably go."

"Oh! Yeah, of course. I'll let you out." Mike nodded, pointing over his shoulder. "I always lock the front door to make sure no one comes in while I clean the place and shut the lights."

Stan hung his bag over his shoulder, following Mike to the door. He unlocked it, holding it open for Stan and saw his face pull into a frown.

Mike hadn't noticed before, but outside it was pouring, heavy droplets of rain splashing loudly on the concrete. It must have been going on for a while because there were large puddles of water already on the street.

"Shit." Stan muttered, opening his bag to search for something, probably an umbrella but he came up empty handed. "Damn it, damn it, damn it."

"Are you okay?"

Stan shook his head. "I can't find my umbrella, I think I left it back in my room."

"Oh."

"Yeah."

Mike's eyes drifted towards the umbrella holder next to the door. People would sometimes leave their umbrellas behind, maybe Stan could use one of those. Unfortunately, it was empty today.

"I guess I'm going to have to make a run for it."

"Where do you live?"

"Windsor Hall."

Mike winced, shaking his head. "Dude, that's on the other side of

campus, by the time you get there you'll be soaked." Stan shrugged, resigned. "Look, I have an umbrella."

"An extra umbrella?" Stan asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Hm no, just mine."

Stan was shaking his head before Mike could even suggest that he could have the umbrella, which is exactly what he was about to do. "No Mike I can't take yours. How will you walk back to your own place?"

"Well, maybe we can share it." Mike suggested after giving it some thought. "Your building is on the way to mine. We can walk together, share my umbrella."

"Mike, I can't ask you to do that." Stan said, blushing. "I've caused you enough trouble as it is."

"You've caused me literally no trouble at all." Mike grinned, big and honest. "Come on Stan, I can't let you go out like this," He pointed outside. "Think of your poor books, man. They'll be ruined. As someone who works at the library, I can't let that happen."

Stan wrinkled his nose, Mike could tell he was about to cave.

"Besides, you'll be doing me a favor too."

"How so?" Stan asked, narrowing his eyes.

"You'll keep me company." Mike explained easily, then winked and added, "Nothing like a handsome guy to make my walk home better."

Stan's eyes widened, face going from pink to bright red. "Yeah, okay."

"Awesome." Mike said, not even trying to hide his enthusiasm. "I just have to finish closing up and we can go. Wait here."

He finished what he needed to do in record time, eager to go back to Stan. When he did, he found him talking on the phone.

"Hi, Richie. Yes I'm alive, I fell asleep at the library, I'm heading back now." Stan was saying. Mike could hear a little of what the other guy — Richie, said in return, mostly because the guy was extremely loud. "Yes, I know it's raining thank you for stating the obvious. Yeah, I left it there. This nice guy that works at the library is going to walk me home, he has an umbrella."

Mike smiled at being mentioned. Then, the voice from the phone got even louder and Mike could hear what Richie was saying very clearly.

"Wait, what guy? Fuck Stan, is this the guy you've been crushing on for the whole semester?" Richie asked and Mike's eyes widened, he knew he shouldn't be eavesdropping but he couldn't help craning his neck to hear better.

"His name is Mike." Stan said instead of denying Richie's words. The guy on the phone let out a loud squeal.

"And you know his name! Stan the man, this is fate. You have to ask him out, you hear me? Or I'll lock you out of our room."

Stan rolled his eyes, shifting his position and finally noticing Mike was there, he offered Stan a small wave.

Stan's eyes widened. "Richie, I have to go."

"I'm fucking serious Stanley. Do it for me, you owe me. I had to hear you talk about this guy for weeks." He slipped into a high pitched voice that was supposed to be Stan. *"You should see him Richie, he's got these arms and these shoulders and oh, Richie that ass —"*

Stan ended the call, cutting off Richie's impression. Mike tried to keep his face blank, but Stan could probably tell he'd heard all of it by the way Mike was blushing. Stan was also blushing, so much that even his ears had turned red.

"Are you ready to go?" Mike asked and Stan nodded.

Mike tried to appear calm but on the inside he was slightly freaking out, knowing he wasn't the only one with a crush.

They walked out and Mike opened his umbrella, covering both of them. It wasn't particularly big which meant that Stan had to press against Mike to fit under it. Luckily, neither seemed to mind the close proximity.

At first they walked in silence but then Mike asked Stan what he'd been studying for earlier and after that, conversation flowed easily. Stan told Mike that he was studying to be an accountant, Mike told Stan that he was majoring in History. They discovered that they both liked old films and documentaries. They were both fans of the outdoor scene, Mike because he grew up on a farm and Stan because of his love for birds. Mike found the way Stan got all happy and excited when talking about birds completely endearing.

"So what made you work at the library?" Stan asked after a while. They were getting close to his building and by then, the rain had come down a bit. They could lose the umbrella and not get too wet if they wished but neither of them seemed to want that.

"Well, I love books just as much as the next history nerd," He said and Stan chuckled, moving closer to Mike. "So being surrounded by them it's pretty cool. I also get to work on my homework during my shift, since it's quiet and I don't have to do much. There's also free wifi."

"Very important." Stan said, nodding.

"Yeah. Besides, I get to meet cute guys and walk them home."

"Oh, so you do this with all the guys you find sleeping in the library?" Stan asked in a teasing tone, but there was an underlying nervousness to it.

"No." Mike bit on the inside of his cheek. "Only with those I've been crushing on for months."

Stan stopped walking, staring up at Mike with wide eyes. "You've been— you have a crush on me?" He asked softly, Mike nodded. "You're not just saying that because you heard my roommate on the phone before?"

"I didn't—" Mike started but Stan's quirked eyebrow stopped him.

"Okay I heard, yeah. Your friend is really loud okay? But that's not why I said that. It's true, I've seen you in the library and I always thought you were really cute and smart because you're always studying. And organized and very *very* handsome."

Mike was blushing, his heart beating rapidly especially with how Stan was smiling at him.

"I have a bit of a crush on you too." He said, biting down on his lower lip. "You're very attractive and smart. And you're always nice to people, even the assholes who speak way too loudly for a library."

Mike smiled, stomach fluttering. "So Richie, your roommate, was right?"

"I mean," Stan paused, wrinkling his nose. "He was being way too dramatic, but yeah."

"Oh, so you don't like my arms or my shoulders or my ass?" Mike teased.

Stan blushed furiously. "Oh, shut up." He said but then he started laughing, Mike joining in.

"Stan?" He asked when they both fell silent, Stan hummed. "Can I kiss you?"

Stan's lips twitched into a smile. "Yeah."

Mike leaned in, closing the distance between them and pressing a short kiss against Stan's lips. He intended to leave it there, but when he tried to pull back, Stan grabbed his neck, keeping him in place and making the kiss last longer.

They finally broke apart when they felt droplets of water falling on their face. Mike hadn't realized he'd lowered the umbrella, too preoccupied kissing Stan.

"Sorry." He said, covering them again.

"It's okay." Stan smiled. "But we should go, the rain is starting to pick up again."

Mike nodded and they resumed their walk, Stan hooked his arm through Mike's, pressing closer.

"You know there's a classic film festival next week." Mike said.
"Would you like to go with me?"

Stan squeezed Mike's arm, smiling up at him. "Yeah I would love to, Mike."

8. Chapter 8

Summary for the Chapter:

Pairing: Stozier.

Prompt: "I need you. Please stay."

Richie took one last drag of his cigarette before he was dragging Bev back to the party. They were walking up the front steps when the door to the house swung open and Stan stepped out.

Richie's face immediately lit up. "Stanny! I was *just* coming to find you, did you miss me too much?"

The moment the words left his mouth, Richie noticed something was wrong. Stan had taken off his Michael Myers mask, his last minute costume for the Halloween party they were in and now, Richie could see he was upset— his face was pinched, his jaw clenched and his lips were pressed into a tight line.

Before Richie could ask what was wrong, Stan was walking past him and Bev without even glancing at them.

Richie watched him walk away, feeling confused— until Bev hit him in the back of his head and told him to, "Go after him, you idiot!"

Richie did, catching up with Stan just as he stepped on the sidewalk. "Hey, where are you going?"

"I'm going home, Richie." Stan said, his voice clipped.

Yeah, definitely upset.

"Stan the man, too cool for high school parties?" Richie joked, trying to lighten the mood but Stan only glared at him. His tone switched to concerned, "Hey, are you okay?"

Stan sighed, shoulders slumping. "Just go back to the party, Richie. I know you want to."

Richie shook his head. "Nope, you're wrong. Fuck that party, I'd

rather walk my boyfriend home." He said, watching Stan's mouth twitch into the tiniest smile, like it did whenever Richie referred to him as his boyfriend.

"You don't have to that."

"Are you kidding?" Richie said, reaching tentatively for Stan's hand. He relaxed when, instead of shoving him away, Stan let him lace their fingers together. "It's Halloween, I can't leave you out here alone with all the crazy psychos!"

Stan snorted, hitting Richie on the chest with his plastic mask. "You're the only psycho out here."

"Excuse me, but out of the two of us, who is dressed as an *actual* psycho?" Richie quirked an eyebrow, flashing Stan a teasing smile.

"Fine, but if we're being honest, Beetlejuice is a little bit of a psycho himself."

Richie let out a laugh.

Unlike Stan, he *did* plan his costume ahead. It was Bev's idea— she knew how much Richie loved the movie, the costume wasn't that complicated and *hey, you already have that big forehead*, she told him with a wink. She'd helped Richie find the clothes and helped with his hair, painting it green and styling it so it stood in all different directions and applied baby powder to his face to make it look paler than usual. It would probably be a bitch to wash off, but he liked how it turned out.

"A bio-exorcist, babe. Have some respect." He winked and Stan rolled his eyes fondly.

They walked hand in hand, taking advantage of the nearly empty street and the darkness around them. Stan seemed more relaxed, but there was still a slight crease between his eyebrows. Richie wanted to know the reason behind that frown. Stan had been fine when he and Bev left the house for their smoke break. Sure, he was slightly annoyed that he was being forced to hang at that stupid party but the seven of them were actually having a good time together— Stan

hadn't even complained when Richie planted a sloppy kiss on his cheek before going outside.

Now Richie was afraid to ask what happened. He knew if he said the wrong thing, his boyfriend would probably shut him out and that was the last thing he wanted, so he bit down on his tongue to keep himself from blurting out the question.

"You're too quiet." Stan said after they had been walking for a while.

"Yeah well, I just thought you'd appreciate some silence."

Stan let out a snort. "I know you're just trying *not* to ask me what happened."

Richie scrunched up his face, Stan knew him too well. "I was trying not to be pushy." He said. "It's okay if you don't want to tell me."

"It's not that I don't want to tell you, it's just stupid." Stan started, staring straight ahead, face pulled into a frown. "When you left, a few girls dragged me and Bill to the basement to play some stupid game. When we made it down there, some asshole wearing a— a clown mask jumped at us." Stan's entire body was tense, fingers twitching in Richie's grip. He ran his thumb over his knuckles, soothingly. "It wasn't even— it didn't even look like, you know, like *that* but I just panicked. I felt like I was back in the sewers, alone and I—" His voice cracked. "I just needed to get out."

"Shit, Stan I'm sorry." Richie said softly when he finished.

"Don't be ridiculous. It's not your fault, Richie."

He shrugged. "Maybe if I hadn't left, no one would have dragged you to the basement."

"You're not my babysitter, you're allowed to leave my side."

"I was the one who dragged you to that party in the first place." Richie said, close to pouting.

"Yeah and I was having fun, with you and the losers. Shit just happens, I guess. Stupid shit."

Richie squeezed his hand. "It's not stupid. It's the trauma, babe."

Stan huffed, shaking his head. "It's been five years."

"So?"

"So it shouldn't affect me like that anymore. And why is it just me? Bill was also in that basement and he didn't need to run out of there!" Stan said, voice rising in anger. They had stopped walking, Stan had let go of Richie's hand and now he was picking at the faint scars on his face, probably not even realizing he was doing it. "I just feel so stupid, Richie! That I'm not over it and all of you are."

Richie stared at him, bewildered. "You think I'm over it?" He asked in disbelief, Stan gave a noncommittal shrug. "Stan, dude, babe. I'm *not* fucking over it. I still have fucking nightmares about that summer. I still can't look at the Paul Bunyan statue without wanting to throw up. The other day, I saw a balloon and I thought I was going to cry." He shook his head, reaching for Stan's hand and forcing him to meet his eyes. "None of us are over it. We fought a fucking demon clown!"

He was probably talking louder than he should considering they were in the middle of the street, but he hoped that if someone heard them they would write it off as Halloween nonsense.

"I don't think we'll ever be completely over it," Richie continued. "And that's fine. I think, I don't know. But you're not stupid Stan, just like I'm not stupid." He paused, considering it. "For that reason, at least."

Stan stared at him, Richie could tell the anger was slowly ebbing away, his expression softening. "I don't know Richie, crying over a balloon? That's a little stupid." He teased, lips twitching into a half smile.

Richie scoffed, glaring at him with no real heat, especially when Stan leaned in, closing the distance between them to give Richie a short kiss. "Thank you, Rich."

He used his thumb to clean a bit of white powder that was left on Stan's mouth after he pulled away. "All in a day's work, Stan my

man, all in a day's work." Richie said with a wink, grabbing his hand again. "Come on, let's get you home."

When they arrived at the Uris residence all the lights were off, Stan's parents already asleep.

Richie walked him to the door, giving his boyfriend a kiss goodbye. "I'll see you tomorrow."

"Actually," Stan started, grabbing his wrist. "I thought you could stay. Those nightmares you mentioned, I have them too, but never when you sleep here."

"Aww Stan, are you saying that you need me to sleep well?" Richie flashed him a lopsided smile that quickly shifted into a slight pout when Stan pinched his arm and he feigned actual pain.

"It's not that **I need you** Richard," Stan rolled his eyes, a slight blush on his cheeks. "I just want you to stay, so **please stay**."

Richie's grin softened. "Yeah, of course babe."

Stan smiled, reaching up to brush back some of Richie's hair. He scrunched up his face when he couldn't weave his fingers through it due to all the gel and paint that Bev used. "I don't like your hair when it's like this."

"You know, we could take a shower before bed," Richie said, wiggling his eyebrows. "You can wash all this junk from my hair."

Stan sighed, shaking his head but when he grabbed Richie's hand to drag him inside, he could see a playful smile on his boyfriend's face.

Author's Note:

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